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# "GROUND ARMS!"

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## AN ORATION

DELIVERED AT

THE CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND  
SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

## DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

AT THE INVITATION OF THE COUNCILS OF THE  
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,

IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, JULY 4TH, 1893,

BY

JAMES M. BECK,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT.

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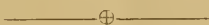
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MRS. WOODROW WILSON  
NOV. 25, 1939

# "GROUND ARMS!"

## AN ORATION

DELIVERED IN

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 4th, 1893.

MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—One hundred and seventeen years ago this day some fifty provincial gentlemen, with knee breeches and powdered queues, the representatives of thirteen colonies of the British Crown, which, located on the edge of an unbroken wilderness, were less accessible to civilization than is the Congo now, met in Philadelphia, a country town of about twenty thousand people, and deliberating within the walls of the building within whose shadow I speak, thence issued to the world a statement of their grievances against the British Crown, and a declaration of their assumption of independent sovereignty. Apart from the statement of grievances, which was only of transient importance, the Declaration, as drafted by the young Virginian farmer-lawyer, contained a declaration of the rights of man more radical and revolutionary than any similar political document, and utterly subversive of adopted theories of government. At the time apparently insignificant, this event has become of overshadowing importance in the affairs of men. It lit a train of human revolt which has slowly and increasingly blasted a pathway of freedom for humanity through the granite rocks of Cæsarism and feudalism. Well might Mirabeau say that, tried by its standard, every government in Europe was divested of its rights. To the masses of men in every part of the world, struggling to escape from the house of bondage and into the promised land, it has been as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. This is the great fact of which the colossal statue in New York

harbor is the beautiful symbol. It would be impossible to properly estimate its importance, for it can only be determined in its due perspective of time and result. Even in this evening of the nineteenth century we can as little appreciate its true position in history as one can judge the architectural beauty of the Cologne Cathedral by standing on its steps. Carry your minds forward in imagination yet another century. Picture to yourselves the greatest republic in the world, whose population will be two hundred millions, and whose territory will reach from the land of the North Star to that of the Southern Cross, reflecting the most splendid and perhaps the culminating civilization of the world, and from such vantage ground you can appreciate that in the preceding two thousand years of human history the three events which may then dominate the entire landscape, even as Mt. Blanc rises above its fellows, are the birth of Christ, the discovery of America, and the Declaration of Independence. The first gave to men a new spirit, which has since leavened humanity; the second, a great continent, whereon, as on a stage, the splendid drama of democracy could be enacted; and the third, a free people, who have demonstrated their capacity to rule themselves. Of each event one can say, in the exalted language of Richter, that it has "lifted empires off their hinges, turned the stream of the centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

We would dishonor ourselves did we fail to celebrate an event so glorious; and what more fitting place on the face of the whole earth for such commemoration than here within the shadow of the tower from which, as from Pharos, the light of liberty has streamed, under the gothic arches of God's trees, and in the presence of the historical descendants of the people who first heard the old bell in joyful reverberations "proclaim liberty throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof?" What Mecca is to the Mussulman and Jerusalem to the Israelite, must henceforth forever this temple be to every lover of liberty. Did we not thus meet in high festival, these very walls would cry out against us. Indeed even now they speak to us out of the past, reminding us with an eloquence unattainable by mortal man of our debt to the dead and our duty to the unborn. Here then we have met, my



countrymen, on the greatest festal day in our nation's calendar, and to Him by whose gracious ordinance the word was spoken, we will appeal in the simple but stately language of Whittier's Centennial hymn:—

“ Our father's God, from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.”

It is the unique distinction of the Declaration of Independence that its definition of liberty is so full and ample that time cannot make it obsolete. Other similar events have been but milestones in the march of progress. The Magna Charta and the petition of right are no longer sufficient in themselves to satisfy the ripened aspirations of men, but when Jefferson drafted the great Declaration he drew for all mankind, without distinction to race, condition, or creed, a title deed to liberty, so broad and comprehensive that “time cannot wither nor custom stale” its eternal verity. That all men are created equal; that they have a right as the gift of God and independent of government to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that the people have the inherent right to alter or abolish their government when it has ceased to answer their necessities, thus constituting the people the first and only estate, are principles which satisfy the highest ideals of liberty. By the much quoted and much misunderstood axiom, that all men are created equal, Mr. Jefferson did not mean either a natural equality or even an equality of natural opportunity, for either would contradict the common observation of men, which discloses as infinite a difference between men and their environments as between the stars. He was simply defining the province of government, and he was contending that politically all men were equal and that the government, therefore, should not give to any man an artificial and law-made advantage over another. “Equal and exact justice to all men, special privileges to none.” He therefore proscribed the spirit of caste, and an hereditary monarch or a feudal

aristocracy came equally under his anathema. He illustrated his meaning by his last and most significant commentary on the text of the instrument which is inseparably connected with his name. When asked nine days before his death to write a sentiment for the forthcoming fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration—the day of jubilee on which, by a singular coincidence, he was destined to die—he wrote, “The eyes of men are opened and opening to the rights of men. \* \* \* The mass of men are not born with saddles on their backs nor a favored few booted and spurred ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God.” It is to be feared that we have hardly realized as yet his splendid ideal, else why the extraordinary honors recently paid within our country to the representatives of the class who claim, by the right of heredity, “to ride booted and spurred the masses of mankind?” We have witnessed the gentleman in charge of the Spanish princess write circular letters instructing American ladies and gentlemen how to act in the presence of royalty, and we have read his complaint that the Infanta had been insulted and annoyed by the social snobs and tuft-hunters, who insisted upon thrusting themselves into her presence. Eminent foreigners, distinguished for learning and genius, have visited our shores comparatively unnoticed, but the possession of a title has seemed to have the fascination for our countrymen that the candle has for the moth. These ovations to Spanish grandees and Russian nobles, in so far as they are inspired by considerations of rank, are wrong. Otherwise Mr. Jefferson was wrong, and if he was wrong, then America was wrong. The spirit of caste is not dead nor the race of Tories wholly extinct.

The noblest virtue of the great Declaration was the spirit which impelled it. This was so far in advance of the times as to deserve comment here, and it is to this I desire to direct especial attention. It is obvious that the statement of grievances was not intended for the colonists. No need existed to remind them what they had suffered. The intolerable burdens and wrongs set forth in this terrible indictment of the British Crown had driven its loyal and willing subjects to open rebellion, and had been burned into their recollection as with a red-hot iron. For years they had been the

subject of innumerable pamphlets, speeches, petitions, and discussions both in England and America. The time for discussing them with the Mother Country had ceased with the first shot of the embattled farmers at Lexington. The purpose of the Declaration, as clearly set forth in its noble preamble, was to appeal to the justice of the world in support of the necessity of the separation. It commences, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another \* \* \* *a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.*" No State paper ever contained a nobler sentiment than this. It assumed that there was a rule of right and wrong and of justice and injustice that regulated the intercourse of nations as well as individuals. It is believed that there was a great human conscience, which, rising higher than the selfish interests and prejudices of nations and races, would approve that which was right and condemn that which was wrong. It felt that this approval was more to be desired than national advantage. It constituted mankind a judge between contending nations, and lest its judgment should temporarily err it established posterity as a court of last resort. It placed the tie of humanity above that of nationality. It solemnly argued the righteousness of the separation at the bar of history, solemnly prefixing its statement of grievances with the words: "In proof of this, let facts be submitted to a candid world;" and finally concluded its appeal from the judgment of the moment to that of eternity, in the words: "Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions." The nobility of this appeal becomes more manifest when we regard the conditions of thought at that time. There existed then no law of right or wrong between nations. Mankind was engaged on both sides of the Atlantic in armed conflicts, which succeeded each other with horrible frequency and intensity. While at nominal peace, nations levied commercial warfare against each other by prohibitive tariffs and burdensome legal restrictions. Each Government regarded its own selfish interests as the highest and only good. International

law existed only in name, and consisted of "a wilderness of single instances." Wars were commenced without provocation—often without a formal declaration,—were conducted without regard to the rights of neutrals and non-combatants, or the commonest dictates of humanity, and were consummated by the wholesale spoliation of territory and the pillaging of galleries, museums, and libraries. The armies of Wellington and Napoleon were only worthy of Alaric or Attila. The only law of nations was that ascribed by the poet to Rob Roy,

"The good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

Think, for example, of the events which took place in Europe within the succeeding forty years; of the decrees by which France and England forbade the world to trade with the other, and under cover of which they preyed upon the commerce of the world like hawks upon a dove-cote; of the destruction of the Danish fleet, and the bombardment of Copenhagen by England in advance of any declaration of war and without any provocation; of Napoleon's invasion of neutral territory and the assassination of the Duc D'Enghien, of his appropriation of whole countries without regard to the wishes of their inhabitants by placing Bernandotte on the throne of Sweden, Murat on that of Naples, his brother Louis on that of Holland, Jerome on that of Westphalia, and Joseph on that of Spain. In such an age, with every nation as an Ishmael, there would seem to have been no sentiment of right or wrong or enlightened conscience of man to which an appeal could be made. The sentiment of the Declaration, made out of "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," is therefore the more striking and commendable. We need not stop to note how splendidly that appeal has been sustained. As the Declaration states, facts were submitted to a candid world, which in an age of force convinced the calm reason of humanity, and when, a century later, the time-stained document, to which our fathers had pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, was brought out on this very

spot, the representatives of every nation, including that of England herself, were here to testify by their presence their approval of an appeal to the universal conscience of man. The United States has demonstrated its right to separate existence and no discordant protest is now heard against its splendid vindication by humanity.

I am persuaded that the spirit, of which this Declaration was only an expression, is now a new force in humanity. In the one hundred and seventeen intervening years the world has progressed so swiftly towards an enlightened sense of justice that a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" is a greater power in regulating the intercourse of nations than the combined armies and navies of the world. Each nation does at least in some measure fear to-day the disapproval of humanity and covets as a good the approval of posterity. This respect for public opinion is increasingly causing nations to arbitrate their differences by other means than that wretched survival of barbarism—war. Prior to the nineteenth century, there is hardly an instance when nations settled their grievances other than by a resort to the sword, while during the present century over seventy-five disputes have been adjusted by mediation and arbitration. Of these twenty-five related to claims for damages to citizens in one country while in the offending country; in sixteen disputed boundaries were amicably fixed; and in five the yet more difficult questions of disputed acquisitions of new territory were peacefully decided. In some of these cases the national honor and historical prestige were believed to be involved and found entirely capable of amicable adjustment, namely, the Luxemburg question of 1867, the Crete affair, and the Alabama claims. The incalculable gain to humanity of these peaceful arbitrations can be measured by the stupendous fact that in the wars of the nineteenth century over fifteen thousand millions of dollars have been spent and over five millions of men killed. The mind cannot grasp the magnitude of the figures. The largest single aggregation of human beings is the city of London, and when we reflect that a number of people exceeding the teeming population of the English metropolis have fallen beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of



war, we can appreciate the belief of every thoughtful man that the ordeal of battle is both a crime against humanity and a relic of primitive barbarism. The questions sought to be decided by war have rarely remained adjusted, notwithstanding the imposing and awful demonstration of brute force. Take, for example, the unhappy Rhine provinces. Torn from Germany by France nearly two centuries ago, and entirely gallicized in that time, yet no statute of limitations availed France when, humiliated and well-nigh annihilated by the armies of Germany, it was obliged to again yield Alsace and Lorraine. Nor is their ownership determined to-day. In the event of a French triumph in the next war, it is safe to assume that the first and imperative condition of peace would be the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. In the meantime, as if charged with the curse of God, these little provinces are making of Europe an armed camp, compelling twenty-seven millions of men to be ready for a possible death, and driving the nations of Europe to inevitable bankruptcy. What the armies of France and Germany, the grandest in organization and equipment that the world has ever known, have thus signally failed to do, namely, to definitely decide a single question—and that in itself a comparatively unimportant one—the moral power of a “decent respect to the opinions of mankind” has done without shedding a drop of blood, for in the seventy-five instances of peaceful mediation heretofore alluded to there was, with but one exception, a loyal and lasting submission to the results of the arbitrament of peace. This power of moral sentiment, sneered at by the unthinking and superficial, can be measured in yet another way. England and America are to-day arbitrating the question of territorial rights and alleged unlawful seizures, both formerly fruitful subjects of war, and are thus affording an impressive object lesson to humanity which is worth a dozen naval reviews or army mobilizations. Let us suppose that the international court at Paris should decide in favor of Great Britain. England, indeed all the world, could not enforce that judgment if the United States refused to obey it. Guarded as we are by two mighty oceans, and with our inexhaustible resources, the combined armies and navies of the world could not conquer

us. We are to-day invincible. The power, therefore, that would compel us to loyally accept the decision would be the "decent respect to the opinions of mankind," which would condemn as iniquitous and shameful bad faith in such arbitration.

Herein lies the possibility of a period of perpetual peace. Notwithstanding the fact that to-day men are making preparations in Europe for war on a scale unprecedentedly vast, and, paradoxical as it may therefore seem, I believe that the time will come when men will "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks." How many deluges of blood lie between I know not, but I clearly see His bow in the cloud, as a covenant of peace. This may seem the wild dream of a visionary, but we are celebrating in this Columbian year the triumph of a dreamer, and that the greatest civic achievement in history. In existing conditions of thought it is indeed hard to accept the possibility of a day when the mutual hatreds of nations, which exist independent of disputed questions, and are the baneful heritage of the centuries, can be determined otherwise than by war. Apparently they do not admit of arbitration. But may not this apparent impossibility disappear with the growing sentiment of fraternity in men? Nor am I alone in this opinion. A learned French philosopher, Michel Revon, whose work has recently received the medal of the French Academy, states that unless a general war takes place in Europe within the next ten years the spirit of militarism will lose its power. It is true that the great battle-thinker of our time, Von Moltke, who has carried the organization of armies to a perfection not reached by even Napoleon, has said that "Peace is only a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. War," he adds, "is ordained by God." Nevertheless, even as the power of the Roman Empire was doomed in its hour of unchallenged supremacy when the Prince of Peace lay in his manger at Bethlehem, so I believe the spirit of militarism, now apparently at its highest development, is in reality losing its iron sway on the minds of men. As our own great commander has well said, "Arbitration may not satisfy either nation at the time, but it satisfies the conscience

of mankind and must commend itself more and more as a means of adjusting disputes." Indeed, General Grant, better than Bismarck with his "blood and iron," caught the spirit of his time in those words, remembered above his every other utterance, "Let us have peace." However comparatively unnoticed it may have been the English Parliament has rarely done a nobler or better act than when it unanimously passed, on June 16th, 1893, a resolution, authorizing Her Majesty's Government to conclude a general treaty with the United States to submit all future questions between the countries to arbitration.

The trouble with our and preceding ages has been that man has still sufficient of the original barbarian to approve and applaud war. We have not yet learned to take a horizontal view of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." The current belief is that "Thou shalt not kill" means "Thou shalt kill"—under given circumstances. We do not content ourselves with applauding a defensive war, which is often inevitable and morally defensible, but we regard as of paramount glory a war of aggression and conquest. That which is a crime between individuals we defend between nations. A single murder we consider the gravest of all offenses and punish accordingly, whether done in the heat of passion or not; but murder by the hundred thousand, cruelly and deliberately planned months in advance, in which the victims are generally the involuntary result of forced drafts, this we enthusiastically applaud. If we were but honest with ourselves we would admit that we regard it as the most glorious of all pastimes. By the very toys and books we give our children we instil in them the martial ardor. Men go to the tented field, not robed in the black of mourning or the scarlet of the executioner, but gaily attired as for a ball-room. Indeed, as in the night before Waterloo, they have gone in the same habiliments from the dance of life to the dance of death. The strains of music which precede it are not funereal in character but have the festal and triumphant strain of a bridal chorus. Men of generous and Christian instincts rejoice in it as in a profession. The women of our day, rivaling the stern Roman matrons, who



awarded life or death to the gladiators with their "*habet* or *non habet*," or emulating the queen of beauty who awarded the wreath to the victorious in the mediæval tournaments, sit in this greater tourney of the nations and reward the victors with their smiles and approbation. They indeed must accept a share of the moral responsibility. It has been well and truthfully stated by that great ethical teacher, Mr. Ruskin, that the prevention of war is within the power of women. He says: "Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you enough for this. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for or evasion into prettiness—I tell you again no war would last a week." This may at first impress the hearer as the wild enthusiasm of a visionary, but who could measure the effect upon the human mind of universal mourning while any war proceeds. *The real possibility of war lies in our callous indifference to it.* The whole world was recently thrilled by the loss of Her Majesty's ship *Victoria*, with four hundred of her officers and crew, due to an accidental blow of the ram of the *Camperdown*. Strange paradox! We lament as an accident what we would applaud if done by design. Such a loss of life in war would be so insignificant as hardly to receive notice. For every life lost by this accident a hundred fell at Gettysburg, while in that frightful holocaust of human life, the Russian campaign of 1812, it is estimated that one hundred and twenty-five thousand men perished in battle, one hundred and twenty-three thousand died of hunger and cold, and one hundred and ninety thousand were taken prisoners. The mind cannot grasp the dimensions of such a disaster, and blunted and deadened as our sensibilities are by the alleged necessity of war, this frightful tragedy on the stage of the world has called forth less tears than the ending of *Hamlet* on the stage of the theatre.

As the nineteenth century draws to its close, the signs are

multiplying that humanity is awakening from this nightmare and that the twentieth century will bring the dawn of a better day. Nothing can be more striking to the thoughtful observer than the progress that has been made in the crusade against war. The opinion of mankind is slowly but surely condemning it. It would be interesting, indeed, to trace this gradual development of this peace sentiment. Sporadic attempts at peaceful mediation could be mentioned by the Popes in the Middle Ages, by Henry IV. of France, who proposed a universal league of peace in the early part of the seventeenth century, but the first practical attempt to substitute the power of love for that of force was made by William Penn upon the banks of the Delaware, and, curiously enough, the contracting parties were seemingly the most divergent, namely, the peaceful Quakers and the aboriginal savages. Meeting on that delightful shore "that is washed by the Delaware's waters," the illustrious Quaker, to whom be eternal honor, said to the Indian chiefs: "The great God has written His law in our hearts by which we are told and commanded to love and to help and to do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures. For which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury but to do good. We have met them in the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage can be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love, and all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood." To that those whom we in our arrogance have called savages replied, "While the sun shines and the river runs, we will keep peace with William Penn and his children." This treaty, of which it has been said that it was inscribed not on parchment but on human hearts, was observed with scrupulous fidelity for over seventy years, and Pennsylvania and the City of Brotherly Love (noblest title of any city in the whole world) never heard during that golden period the war-whoop of the savage or the clangor of clashing arms. In that coming day of perpetual peace, the founder of Pennsylvania will be justly regarded as its morning star, heralding in a night of barbarism the approaching dawn. In the eighteenth cen-

tury Voltaire launched his curse against war in his noble sentiment, "Every European war is a civil war;" while on August 25th, 1790, the orator of the Revolution, Mirabeau, made this prediction as to the influence of democracy upon war: "Perhaps the hour is not far distant when Freedom as absolute sovereign of both worlds will fulfill the wish of the philosophers and relieve mankind from the crime of war, and proclaim eternal peace." These peaceful utterances of men, who, treading the mountain ranges of prophetic observation, descried the dawn, were soon lost sight of in that fearful cataclysm, the French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon, and it was not until the latter was sent to St. Helena, "the mighty somnambulist of a shattered dream" of universal empire, that the still small voice of peace was again heard. The sovereigns of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France entered into the Holy Alliance, by which they bound themselves "to aid one another in conformity with Holy Scriptures on every occasion." The primary purpose of the alliance was to compel and maintain peace, but, unfortunately for humanity, it was soon perverted to choke the growing democracy of Europe and throttle freedom. But the idea was in the minds of men, and was compelling nations, perhaps from the sheer exhaustion of previous wars, to determine their disputes by peaceful methods. At first this was accomplished by the mediation of a friendly sovereign, and dispute after dispute was submitted to a ruler of a neutral State and by them decided. This mediation could not long answer the purposes of peace, for it possessed the obvious objections that it was not always easy to secure a mediator who was disinterested and unbiased or one with sufficient capacity to interpret treaties and national laws. At the Paris congress which put an end to the Crimean war, the first important step was taken to insure peace when, at the instance of the International Peace Society, a clause was inserted in that treaty by which the powers pledged themselves to consider conditions of peace before beginning war; but the method of adjusting the differences, whether by mediation of a friendly sovereign or a court of arbitration, was not mentioned.

A nobler and better course was suggested, and it is to a Philadelphian that the credit is due, and as usual such credit is conspicuously wanting. In March, 1865, Thomas Willing Balch suggested by a public letter that the pending Alabama claims, which seemed incapable of adjustment, and were a source of intense irritation between our country and England, should be decided by a court of arbitration to be composed of one representative of each country and three representatives to be appointed by foreign powers. One can appreciate the advance of public sentiment in the last quarter of a century when I state that Mr. Balch could not for a time persuade a newspaper to even publish his letter, until finally it found a place in the columns of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Balch also submitted his idea to President Lincoln, who, however, rejected it on the ground that it savored too much of the millennium. Mr. Lincoln added, however, in his quaint way, that "the idea was worth airing." It was not until 1871 that the commissioners from England and the United States signed the treaty at Washington, by which they agreed to submit their cause of quarrel to an international court of arbitration. The appointment of said court, their meeting at Geneva, their subsequent award in favor of the United States, and the loyal submission to it of Great Britain, constitute a milestone in the march of human progress.

The trend of thought can often be determined by carefully observing the tendencies and purposes of the novels at present attracting public interest. Thus, three novels have appeared in recent years, each of which has the same moral purpose. The fact that these writers differ in nationality, the one a Frenchman, the second a Russian, the third an Austrian, and that the success of each of their works has been pronounced, not only in their own countries but all over the world, would seem to indicate that their high purpose has found a responsive echo in the minds of men. I refer to Tolstoi's "War and Peace," Suttner's "Ground Arms," and Zola's "The Downfall." Each with a most powerful realism, which is one of the characteristics of current fiction, depicts war as it is. Theirs are not the pictures of conflict to which we have been accustomed—not the battle as the general

sees it, from the safe vantage ground of a remote hillock, but the red sea of carnage, into which men plunge in the mad frenzy of the nations. War has no glamour for these writers. The dismembered bodies, the mad passions, the hideous excesses, the disregard of the sanctity of life, the pathos of the hospital with its attendant scourge of cholera and typhus, the martyrdom of the battle-field, in which thousands of the innocent expiate the sins of others, the destruction of property, the injury to the advance of the peaceful arts, the fearful aftermath of international prejudices and hatreds thereby sown, are the aspects of war which they describe with a terror of description as though their pens were dipped in blood. Their argument is for the universal disarmament of nations, as the only method of inaugurating the period of peace.

It is an interesting fact, and more than a mere coincidence, that contemporary art reveals the same protest against the war spirit. Its tendency is to make war repulsive rather than glorious. It treats it in a cosmopolitan rather than a selfishly national spirit. Between the French battle painters of the beginning and end of our century there is a vast difference in the spirit with which the subject is treated. One who gazes upon the acres of canvas in the Palace of Versailles will notice that battles are always pictured in a manner to captivate the spectator with the idea of war, and to inflame the martial spirit. The French are always victorious, and the enemy always in retreat. Even in the battle of Yorktown, as depicted in this series, an American will notice with considerable amusement that the foremost figures are Rochambeau and De Grasse, while Washington is crowded into the obscure background. The paintings, however, of Detaille and De Neuville are entirely different in conception and treatment. They not merely represent the ghastly horrors of war, but they treat their countrymen and their enemies with equal fairness. Take, for example, De Neuville's noble picture, "A Parley" (*Un Parlementaire*). It represents a shell-stormed French village, into which some German officers have entered blindfolded and under the protection of a flag of truce. The German officers are depicted in a manner with which their compatriots could not possibly quarrel. Yet the



wicked folly of the war is indicated in a simple peasant woman, who, with her house shattered by the shells and in ruins before her, shakes her clenched fist in maniacal frenzy at these representatives of the invaders. One feels that the painter means no reflection upon the German officers. They are pawns moved upon the chess-board of war by higher powers, but the protest of the shrieking woman is the *welt-schmerz*—the groan of the world at this colossal iniquity.

The Russian painter, Verestschagin, has given the subject the same repulsive character. His picture of the battle of Plevna, in which the Czar is leisurely seated at a table watching the battle from a distance, gave great offense in Russia. His pictures of the dying and the slain are marked by a terrible fidelity to nature, which some have thought beyond the proper limits of art. Yet the painter should hold the "mirror up to nature," and Verestschagin has served his day and generation well by awakening with his brush the indignation of men at the frightful results of the battle.

Let me finally and very briefly state a few of the many considerations which, in my judgment, inevitably tend to peace. Each is deserving of far more careful treatment than is possible at present, and opens a vista of indefinite and glorious possibilities which it will repay any one to consider. Be it my task simply to summarize them in the shortest way.

1. The spirit of democracy will lessen the possibility of war. Nothing can be more sure than its rising tide. Its stride is that of a seven-leagued giant. The masses of the people, who are the real sufferers from war, ordinarily do not cause it, while, on the contrary, the greatest number of armed conflicts have been due to the arrogance and pride or personal selfishness of rulers. Take, for example, the Franco-Prussian war. It is well known that Napoleon the Third, sick both in mind and body, did not desire the conflict, but, on the contrary, was seriously meditating but twelve months before it opened a proposal looking to the mutual disarmament of Europe and the constitution of an international court of arbitration. Unhappily for France, his self-willed and headstrong Empress desired the war in the interests of the Napoleonic dynasty,

and at her instigation, added to the self-confessed alteration of dispatches by Bismarck, there was precipitated that short but terrible conflict which terminated in the "terrible year" and the partial destruction of Paris. Undoubtedly this war could not have been commenced had it not received a popular support from the French people, but the bad counsel of the Empress and her immediate advisers was the stick that started the avalanche. The unhappy queen of fashion, when her only son fell beneath a Zulu spear, must have keenly felt the immeasurable sorrow that her foolish ambition had in part inflicted upon France. With the advance of parliamentary government the day is not far distant when no ruler can declare war without the consent of the people, and that will materially lessen such conflicts.

2. The advance of civilization has increased the sense of brotherhood of men by facilitating the communication of ideas, and has made possible a public opinion strong enough to repress these and other evils. The newspaper which we each morning pick from our door-steps, acquaints us with the happenings of the world during the last twenty-four hours, and creates an interest on our part in the general welfare of humanity that was impossible a century ago. The telegraph has brought all men as under one roof, and the cable enables Gresham and Gladstone to discuss questions of mutual interest almost as freely as if they were sitting at the same table. The steamship which can cross the Atlantic in five days and seventeen hours, and the railroad train which can carry passengers from New York to San Francisco in five days, cause the mingling of men and their mutual intercourse until by friendly contact and the realization of their mutual helpfulness their national prejudices and hatreds have been forgotten. Hence have arisen the great international expositions, commencing with the one in London in 1851 and terminating with the present at Chicago. Had the Prince Consort done nothing more for humanity than instituting these friendly competitions of brain and muscle he would have deserved his beautiful monument at Hyde Park. These peaceful Olympiads of industry cannot help but weaken the inborn hatreds of different races, which

are in the least analysis the profound and underlying causes of war.

3. The development of means of destruction will serve to prevent war. Speaking on the army bill a few years ago, Prince Bismarck stated that to the next war between France and Germany the last would be but child's play. He further added that it would be a war of exceptional ferocity, and, fittingly borrowing a figure from the shambles, he said that on the part of the victor it would be a case of "bleeding white." This metaphor relates to the habit of butchers drawing the last drop of blood from certain kinds of cattle to make their flesh white. It is undoubtedly true that since the last war cannon and rifles have been so developed that unless some sufficient armor can be found for the human body the mortality would be unexampled. I believe it was General Sheridan who, commenting on this fact in an address at West Point, said that the next war would be one of annihilation. Undoubtedly this fact contributes materially to the present peace of Europe. Europe is to-day afraid to engage in war, while the democratic masses are sullenly refusing to be "food for powder" in the interest of their rulers.

4. The United States, I firmly believe, will compel peace at no distant day, and it will do this without any intention on her part. Here is a fact whose importance has been almost overlooked. The governments of Europe are to-day bankrupt under great debts, whose payment is impossible. Military service is well-nigh universal, and out of every five men one is constantly in arms. It has been estimated that it takes the work of one farmer or manual laborer to sustain each soldier in the army, and thus two men out of every five are unnecessarily drawn from the productive forces of the nations. The military burdens, together with past debts, are so crushing that economic forces are paralyzed and the masses are in a state of revolt. With land enhanced in price, with raw materials difficult of access, weighed down by the burdens of a military and civil list, the time is not far distant when these nations cannot compete with the United States unless they throw off such burdens. With our own debt re-



duced by marvelous recuperation to but little over \$500,000,000, with the certainty that in the next quarter of a century both it and our pension list will be practically obliterated, with an abundance of cheap land, with unrivaled and inexhaustible natural resources, with the most inventive, intelligent, and productive labor in the world, the economic primacy of the world will be ours. The desire of America is now to enter the markets of the world and challenge all comers. It requires no knowledge of political economy to state that in such competition the decrepit and bankrupt nations of the continent, staggering and groaning under the most frightful burden of military power the world has ever known, must inevitably be driven to the wall unless they disarm. It is my firm belief, therefore, that America is destined to be not simply the liberator but the pacificator of civilization.

5. To this last consideration perhaps should be added the thought, not of an Anglo-American *reunion*, advocated by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the *North American Review* for June, 1893, but of an Anglo-American *alliance* in the interests of peace. They are the only two countries upon which the sun does not set, and which are beyond question unconquerable by any power that could be sent against them. Together they unite, without counting their colonial dependencies, an English-speaking nation numbering to-day over one hundred millions of people, and destined within fifty years to number two hundred millions. While each is an amalgam of other races—and happily so, as mixed races have ever been the strongest—yet the main stock of each nation is Teutonic in origin. They have in common the same language, literature, and law. Should these two nations join hands in the interests of peace and say—

“For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.  
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage  
Holds his soul light. He dies upon his motion,”

their influence must be a great and beneficent one. These two are the greatest competitors for the world's industrial supremacy, and they will compel by their own comparative freedom from governmental burdens a like exemption on the part of other countries.

6. We would omit the greatest consideration that justifies the hope of peace did we not mention Christianity. I mean by that no ecclesiastical organization, but the impulse of forbearance, self-sacrifice, and love that the world owes to the great Martyr, and which to-day animates all religions, Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic. It is this that gives force and effect to the "decent respect to the opinions of mankind." We who are here assembled have this day unanimously resolved, at the instance of the Carpenters' Company, and on motion of the honored "Father of the Centennials," Colonel Peyton, that "we deem it both proper and appropriate that the citizens of the United States, regardless of nationality, religious sect or denomination, should, in the interest of peace, fraternity, and future prosperity, suggest and commend a meeting of the human family in the city of Jerusalem, to give thanks and praise to God, the Father of all, and so appropriately celebrate the closing of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century of the Christian era."

Let us pray God that this noble and beneficent purpose, so fraught with good for humanity, may be carried out. Where He walked, proclaiming "Peace on earth, good-will to man," there let the nations meet and take a high resolve to obey His imperative mandate, uttered in hour of supremest need, when Peter unsheathed his sword in the holiest cause that ever inspired a man to action, "Put up again thy sword into his place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

I know no fitter place in which to inaugurate this movement than Philadelphia, where Penn, by precept and example, taught the power of love, and none in which with greater propriety it can be consummated than in Jerusalem, where died the Prince of Peace. In such holy convocation of the human family, perhaps the first step towards a realization of the "parliament of man and the federation of the world," let His voice, still and small, yet mightier than the tempest or the earthquake, rise above the passionate quarrels of men!

"Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"



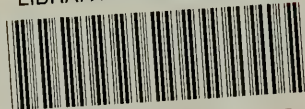








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